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Then In Comes the Smiling Mortician

Janet Brown*

*Iowa State University

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Then In Comes the Smiling Mortician

—*Janet Brown*
English, Sr.

The hooray day is here.
Now the shroud is cast off,
a thousand cold winters
and the living of spring
are nurtured in the warmth
of the sun.
The cat's-eye-marble sky
cannot cool the grass
of the grave of one just dead,
and the mourners have returned
to bridge parties and movies
on a turntable.
The mortician no longer wears
his perfect porcelain smile
—it is soaking in suds—
and he steps into his
White Stag shorts to play tennis
in the tingling sun.